

PS 635

29/3537

✓ AN ORIGINAL STAGE VERSION
OF THE
CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME
IN TWO PARTS ✓

Cinderella

The Story of the Magic Slipper.
A MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA
By

B. A. Field and Geo. Vivian

Music by Roy Webb

TMP92-008771

Cast of Characters

54486

No. 4486

PS635
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A-100-387, Nov. 22, 2
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Little Boy (Without a Christmas).....
A Little Girl (Without a Christmas).....
Vaughan Glaser (Who believes that every little boy and
girl should have a Merry Xmas).....
King Jazz } Watch out he'll get you yet).....
Inconsequence. }.....
Extravagance } (His followers).....
Irresponsibility }.....
Frivolity.....
Fairy Queen (Cinderella's God Mother).....
Cinderella (A little Girl with golden curls who believes
in fairies).....
Prince Charming (Ruler of the land of make believe)....
Dandini (A very handsome fellow—and he knows it)..
Sandy (He loves his Prince but Oh, you ladies").....
Seedelia / The cruel step-sisters and the...).....
Corelia \ apple of their mother's eye ...).....
Baron Soldino (A great entertainer).....
Buttons (Man of all work).....
Chief (The best advertisement for his own cooking)..
Cabby (A hard boiled egg).....
Horse (Who speaks for himself).....
Cat (No pantomime complete without one).....
Clown.....
Pantaloons.....
Harlequin.....
Columbine.....
Policeman.....
Umbrella Maker.....

NOV 16 '26

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8

Musical Programme

Overture "Cinderella" (Selection) *Webb*

"Jazz".....	Jazz and his followers
"Cinderella's Story".....	Fairy Queen
"The Return of Summer" (Ballet).....	Helen Codd and Children
"Sound the Trumphets".....	Prince, Dandini and Ensemble
"We'll Dine There".....	Baron and Ensemble
"Look out Mr. Burglar Man".....	Prince and Children
"Cinderella".....	Cinderella
"You Never Can Tell".....	Baron, Prince, Dandini, Sandy and Buttons
"Springtime".....	Prince and Cinderella
"Silly Little Goose".....	Baron, Dandini, Seedelia and Corelia
"Off to the Ball".....	Ensemble
"Demon Jazz Will Get You Some Day".....	Jazz and his followers
"Joy and Pleasure".....	Ensemble
"Girls, Girls, Girls".....	Dandini and Girls
"I'm a Prestidigitator".....	Baron, Sandy and Buttons
"Three Little Dolls".....	By Themselves
"Romance" (Toe Dance).....	Moquin
"Don't Let the Old Jokes Die".....	Seedelia and Corelia
"Then and Now" (Gavotte).....	Ensemble
Little Bit of Scotch.....	Sandy
Barcarole.....	Fairy Queen and Ensemble

Synopsis of Scenes



Scene 1.—Outside the Uptown Theatre. Time: Xmas Eve, 1922.

Scene 2.—A Fairy Dell. Transformation from Winter to Summer.

Scene 3.—Outside the Baron's House.

Scene 4.—The Baron's Kitchen.

Scene 5.—Outside the Baron's House.

Scene 6.—Back to the Kitchen. Where mice and pumpkin play an important part.

INTERMISSION

Scene 7.—The Prince's Palace.

Scene 8.—A room in the Baron's house.

Scene 9.—Transformation Scene.

Scene 10.—A street.

HARLEQUINADE

~~Author's~~
Author's field American
Baths / George Clark
andrea C. George Clark
130 W. 44th St
New York



PART I.

SCENE I.

Outside the Uptown Theatre, Toronto, Ont., Canada, on Christmas Eve, 1922, showing the main entrance with show cards on each side of the lobby. It is snowing and a cold wind is blowing. Discovered: House attendants closing up for the night. Exit severally, right and left, with exchange of greetings "Merry Xmas", "Same to you", "Good-night" etc. Voices heard off singing Xmas Carols. Enter little boy and girl from Left 1. They are cold and poorly dressed. They cross to C, look up at show cards, read signs, look around to see if they are observed. Boy takes red apple from his pocket and gives it to girl. She takes it, looks at boy and kisses him. Boy wraps part of his coat around her and they walk into the shadows of the lobby. As they do so, enter Mr. Vaughan Glaser from theatre.

Mr. Glaser. What are you little children doing here? Why! at this time of night, you should be at home getting ready for Christmas.

Boy. Please, Sir, we aren't going to have any Christmas.

Mr. Glaser. And why not? Why aren't you going to have any Christmas?

Boy. Because there isn't anybody to give us a Christmas. There's only Mary and me.

Mr. Glaser. And who is Mary?

Boy. She's my little sister. I take care of her.

Mr. Glaser. Well, Well! You're quite a man, I see. Very good, you take care of her. I like that. But every little boy and girl should have a Merry Christmas.—I'll see what we can do.—How would you and Mary like to see a Christmass Pantomime?

Boy. I don't know, sir. I never saw one. What is it?

Mr. Glaser. It's a fairy story come true.

Girl. O! Sir, are there fairies in it?

Mr. Glaser. Oh! Yes! There are fairies and the Fairy Queen and a little girl with golden curls and a beautiful prince, I will show you the pictures.

He goes to the show cards which illuminates and discloses the characters of the Cinderella Pantomime.

CINDERELLA

Here's Cinderella, the dear little maiden
With house hold toils she is much overladen,
Till her fairy Godmamma takes her to a ball
And then in a gold dress she's queen over all.

FAIRY GODMOTHER

The fairy godmother provides for the ball
A coach and six horses, and footman so tall,
Silk hose and a fan and a dress mattelass
And for her wee tootsies two slippers of glass.

PRINCE CHARMING

Prince Charming was a royal youth,
Who ruled upon a throne,
He felt his life monotonous,
For he reigned all alone.

To find his love he eagerly
Set out upon a quest.
A slipper helped him find his Queen,
And set his heart at rest.

DANDINI

Dandini was a puppet Prince
In borrowed hat and gown.
He showed his master how to rule,
And do the thing up brown.

He knew the latest fashions,
And dances intricate.
But nature'd scarcely fitted him,
For bearing cares of state.

BUTTONS

This page here is Buttons,
The man of all work.
His numerous duties,
He gladly would shirk.

CRUEL STEP SISTERS

These wall flowers twain had continued to languish,
In the parental house till their hopes turned to anguish.
To capture a husband each tries all she can,
O, won't some kind person get each one a man.

SCENE I

THE SLIPPER

One slipper was lost and Prince Charming found it,
His task was to find then the lady t'would fit.
Cinderella was found and plain to be seen,
She was the right one to reign as his queen.

KING JAZZ

Every story has a demon of some fashion in its larder,
The anhlor puts the demon in to make the story harder.
King Jazz, the demon, is of this to make the fairies fret.
Look out my little boy and girl King Jazz may get you yet.

Mr. Glaser. There do you like that.

Children. Oh, isn't it wonderful. I wish every little boy
and girl could see it.

Mr. Glaser. So do I, lets ask them all to come. I want all
little boys and girls and big boys and big girls to have a good
time and a Merry Xmas and to come to our Christmas Panto-
mime.

Change of Scene.

PART ONE, SCENE II.

A fairy dell with knotted oaks and Pollard willows. Winter.
Dancee of sprites. . . . Enter Demon Jazz, attended by Friv-
olity, Inconsequence, Extravagance and Irresponsibility.

SONG

Jazz. Behold King Jazz and his followers.

Frivolity. I am Frivolity.

Extravagance. "Extravagance"

Inconsequence. "Inconsequence."

Irresponsibility. And Irresponsibility!

Irresponsibility. We're against all rhyme and reason.

Frivolity. Time and Season.

Extravagance. All are treason.

Jazz. Gather round me, girls, for love is free.

CHORUS

Lovey, dove, come and kiss your poppa,
Don't you dare to stop her,

I am the only little bean she has

She'll never have another fella.

Though they talk of a guy named Romeo.

We can give him the razz.

O, sweet patootie, keep on playing her jazz.

Don't you hear the old saxaphone

And the merry Ukelalee

CINDERELLA

The slide trombone is playing
 Razzi, jazzy Razz-ma-tazz.
 O! Epher, Seepher, Lofer, Sopher,
 Tommy Meighan and Jacky Barrymore
 Watch me give them the razz.
 O! Hot Dog, Leap Frog
 Keep on playing her Jazz.

DANCE

(Enter Cinderella, gathering faggots of wood.)

Jazz. Ha! favorite of Fortune, Behold me!
 'Tis true my throne is tottering in some degree.
 Yet fresh adherents I seek to gather in my train,
 And old-time devotees shall bow to me again.
 Sweet maiden, fair and cold, Pray! lay aside your
 gravity
 And join in merry glee our dance of mad depravity.

Cinderella. Sir! I can dance a minuet,
 Or the stately pavan,
 But as for your excesses,
 I won't dance them, if I can.

Jazz. Well, lady, you may think so now,
 And fret me with your scorning,
 But let me take you to the ball,
 And you'll dance jazz ere morning.

Cinderella. Believe me, Sir, I think your words and acts
 indelicate.
 How dare you speak to me at all, when we have
 never met?

Jazz. Fair lady, you should jewels wear,
 And gowns and crowns and rings.
 Why not let wealthy Jazz prepare
 For you such fitting things?

Cinderella. I hate you, wealthy, pampered Jazz,
 And all your frivolous kind.
 When you're seeking new companions,
 Dismiss me from your mind.

Jazz I'm not so easily dismissed.
 You'll find, to your regret,
 (He tries to kiss her, she pulls away.)
 And take this for a warning,
 King Jazz will get you yet.

(She goes R. U. E. Frivolity stops her. She goes R.1. Ir-
 responsibility stops her. She goes L.U. Inconsequence stops her.
 She goes L.1. Extravagance stops her. Jazz seizes her and drags
 her toward C.—Enter Fairy Queen.)

SCENE II.

Fairy Queen. Stop! vile Spirit of Jazz.
The maid is mine, let her pass.
I am the Fairy Queen,
Who rules the Slipper of Glass.

Jazz. Fair, lovely queen, I will obey,
For this is not my hour,
When midnight comes with Jazz and dance,
You all shall fear my power. *(Laughs)*

Buttons. *(heard off)* Cinders, Cinders, where are you.

Cinderella. Good Buttons, here I am.

Buttons. *(Entering)* I thought you were lost.

Cinderella. I am lost. Take me home.

Fairy Queen. That's right, my pretty page,
Pray, take her home at once,
And see you take good care of her.

Buttons. Of course, I aint no dunce.
Who is this musty piece of cheese?
I've seen his likes before,
And if he makes a single move,
I'll bust him in the jore.

Jazz. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. That's the best I ever met.
Go home, you trifling midget.
King Jazz will get you yet.

Buttons. Midget.
That's the limit, and, as I said before,
Give me the opportunity, and I'll bust—

Cinderella. All right, Buttons, say no more!

(Exit Buttons with Cinderella)

Jazz. Great Queen, you've thwarted me, and gained the day
and what you've gained I lightly will resign.
For Joy and Jazz and sweet Frivolity belong to mid-
night hours, and night is mine.
I am the King of Jazz! At night I reign, o'er cottage,
court and stately minaret,
And lovely ladies favours then obtain. Cinders, be-
ware! King Jazz will get you yet.

(Exit laughing)

(Enter little fairies)

SONG BY FAIRY QUEEN

Many years ago to a noble lord was born
A lovely daughter, the fair babe was left forlorn.
Sad was her fate then she must then await then
Love's sweetest gift in a house of scorn,
Lowly her mien, in her father's house a stranger,

CINDERELLA

Rude unkind step-sisters her tender life endanger.
Guarded her well she lives neat a spell,
For I am her godmother and foretell,

Someone will come to her some day,
Noble and good he's now on his way.
Far from his castle hither he'll roam,
He will come some day.
Prince Charming will come, make her his queen
Such joy and bliss you never have seen,
And as the sunshine follows the storm
Love will live for aye!

After song—Ballet by little Fairies—and Transformation of scene from Winter to Summer. Dance by principal danseuse. The little fairies help queen into her disguise as witch.

Enter Prince Charming.

Prince. Whence proceeds this lovely strain of music? Lo! It comes again! it has led me to this place I seem to see a charming face. Can it be that I'm a-dream, are these trees not what they seem, their wierdness fills me with alarms they seem to writhe and twist their arms;—Good gracious how you startled me. I wonder who this witch can be.

Fairy Queen. Most noble prince you've come here on a quest, fear not at all but set your heart at rest.

Queen. You are heart-free.

Prince. I am.

Queen. Your lot is cast. Of freedom, Prince, this moment is your last.

(A vision of Cinderella appears in the tree.)

Prince. Most sure the Goddess on whom these airs attend. Is this a vision? I am on enchanted ground.

Queen. Highness, this vision your future fates portend. This maid shall be your queen, when her you've found.

Prince. Stay yet a while! Her name, I pray you, tell!

Queen. Seek and you'll find her, Noble Prince. Farewell! (Exit.)

Prince stands as in a doze. (Horn is heard off.) Prince starts, looks around. (Enter Chorus, Dandini and others.)

Chorus. Sound the trumpets, shout in chorus,
Honor him with three times three!
Raise on high the banners o'er us,
Here's our Prince, Oh! Victory!

SCENE II.

Dandini. Noble Prince! Your subjects loyal,
Bid me voice their heartfelt praise.
Every class, from high to royal,
Celebrate this day of days!

Chorus. Sound the trumpets, shout in chorus,
Honor him with three times three!
Raise on high the banners o'er us,
Here's our Prince, Oh, Victory! Oh, Victory!

Prince. Many thanks to you, kind friends, my heart is quite
enraptured,
Joyful bliss attends, my heart at last is captured.
Her name you ask, I cannot tell, soon revealed a
magic spell,
Holds my queen in thrall to-day
But love will find a way, find a way.

Dandini Well Highness here you are at last.

Princee. Here I am, you mean, here you are. I have been
waiting here quite some time, alone, lost, hungry and tired.
Where have you been all this long while? My patience is ex-
hausted.

Dandini. Pardon your Highness. You see it's this way, I
met a little girl, very charming, true she was ragged and poor
but very pretty, very pretty. I just stopped a moment to ask
her—*(laughter)* What are you all laughing at?

Sandy. He calls that a moment, why Highness if we hadn'a
brought him along he would be there yet.

Prince. The old story, to Dandini every maid is charming
every fair woman a goddess, he never remembers his duties
when the ladies are around. Sandy, I'll warrant you were seek-
ing for your prince, you would not forget me, my brave honest
fellow.

Sandy. *(Embarrassed)* Weel your Highness I met a bonnie
wee lassie doon in the brae an I stoppit for—

Prince. Enough, I thought this a lonely forest far from
human habitation, but it seems to be as well peopled as a female
seminary. Can any of my faithful followers tell me in what
part of the country we are and what are the prospects for a
good dinner to-night?

Dandini. Your Highness though I've seemed in some degree
To slight my duty for society,
Yet in this forest wild
A lord I've found.
Honest and brave he seems
Though not profound.
His castle 's near,
Though it is ruined too:

SCENE II.

But as a shelter for the night 'twill do.
He's asked us all to dine, we're all invited;
His hospitality should not be slighted.

One of the followers. Who is this lord in a ruined castle,
will his Royal Highness be safe in such a place.

Dandini. Certainly he will be safe, yet I propose
His Royal Highness and myself shall trade our clothes.
I'll make a dandy Prince as you'll all agree,
And if there's any danger it will fall on me.

Sandy. You just hate yourself, Don't you?

Prince. My brave Dandini this is well thought of
Pardon my censure, my anger is past.
This will be sport if the play is well brought off,
And we shall all have our dinner at last.

Prince and Dandini exchange clock and hat.

Prince. (to his followers)
Clothes make the monarch
The royal robes obey,
So long as he wears them
Dandini has sway.
My robes become him.
He wears them with an air.
Feels all the pleasure of state
But not a care.

(Attendants flock around Dandini)

See how they pass me by,
I'm neglected quite.
I hope there's compensation
For my humble plight.

Enter Baron and Buttons.

(Joyous crys, Here's the Baron, Hurrah for the Baron, Hurrah for dinner.)

Baron. Where's the Prince, where's the Prince?

Dandini. (To Sandy) Introduce the Baron.

Sandy. Your Royal Highness the Baron Soldino of Soldino
Castle craves audience.

Dandini. Baron Soldino we are pleased to welcome you
To our royal presence,
And we trust that your castle
Lies immediately contiguous to this umbrageous retreat.

(followers all snicker holding their hands over their mouths)

Prince. (loudly) Ass.

Baron. (to Sandy) What does he say?

Sandy. He says, do you live near here.

Baron. Oh yes, yes, very near indeed. My castelated ruins
romantically embellish the adjacent precipice which the ancient

line of Soldino have made their eyrie for more than a thousand years. My little daughter and I lived there alone and very happily too, until in an evil moment, being you understand somewhat elevated, we grow a delicious native wine here abouts. As I said, in an evil moment I took unto myself a second wife. A widow you understand with two daughters, oh such daughters. Since which time I have ardently resumed my pursuit of the chase, oh yes, yes, indeed. A manly sport beloved of kings and besides it keeps one away from home and in the open air.

Dandini. Take a deep breath and count ten.

Courtier. (*Insinuatingly*) You said wine, baron.

Baron. Oh yes, yes, yes indeed. A grape wine, golden in hue, very clear and amber, and of a most indescribable fragrance, all sunshine and flowers. It will not bear transportation. It is too delicate for travel, loses all its bouquet, you understand, so we drink it all ourselves.

Dandini. Good, your castle 's near I think you said.

Baron. Yes, I hope your Royal Highness will do me the honor to dine with me and all the retinue likewise. My poor, dear wife is absent from home—.

All. Good, we don't mind that.

Chorus. We'll dine there, we'll wine there,
 We hope the cook is good.
 We'll wine there, we'll dine there,
 We'll gladly eat his food.
 Pigeon pie and good veal pastry,
 Sausages so brown and tasty.
 Wash it down with musty ale.
 There's roast beef and spiced beef,
 Mint sauce and currant jam.
 There's kippers and bacon.
 Fresh laid eggs and ham.
 There's jellies, pies and cakes and tarts,
 Puddings with spices blent.
 For we're dining with the baron,
 And it doesn't cost a cent.
 The grocer he complains of me,
 The butcher too is in a stew.
 Their bills they send without an end,
 They're in a flurry,
 But then I should worry.
 My credit's good for all this food,
 To pay is low, that's why I'm slow,
 They cannot hurry me,
 They cannot worry me,
 S'what are they going to do?

SCENE III.—Outside the Baron's House.

Children. Boys and girls come out to play
For it is a holiday.

Boys and girls come out to play
For it is a holiday.

(*Laughs, shouts and screams*)

Enter Seedelia with blackboard and easel.

Seedelia. Now children as to-day is the day for housecleaning
We can't hold school in doors.

Children. Hurrah, Hurrah.

Seedelia. So we are going to have classes out here.

Children. Oh! (*groaning*)

Seedelia. Now get your stools and forms and start to work.

(*They do so when all are in place*)

Seedelia. Now children we'll start the day right.

(*Boy with a peashooter hits her*)

Who did that?

Children. Jimmy Green.

Seedelia. Jimmy Green come here, touch your toes.

(*She canes him, children laugh*)

Now we'll start with the nursery rymes,

Mary had a little lamb,

Children. It's feet were full of blisters.

Seedelia. She took it out one stormy night,

Children. And the wind blew through its whiskers.

(*peashooter business*)

Seedelia. Who did that?

Children. Jimmy Green.

Seedelia. Jimmy Green come here touch your toes.

(*She canes him*)

Seedelia. Johnny Morgan on his organ played, "Who killed
cock robin?"

Children. He put his umbrella up for the birds in the air
got sobbing.

Seedelia. Little Bo-peep she lost her sheep

Children. She had no dog to warn her.

Seedelia. Jack and Jill went up the hill

Children. And found them round the corner.

(*pea shooter business as before*)

Seedelia. Old Mother Hubbard she went to the cupboard

Children. To get a bone for Towsers.

Seedelia. When she got there the cupboard was bare

Children. Excepting an old pair of trowsers.



CINDERELLA

Seedelia. Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy and wealthy.

Children. But when a man scratches himself all night you cannot call that very healthy.

(pea shooter business as before)

Seedelia. Now we'll see how well you can count.
Children in sing song.

One and one are two-o-oo,
Two and one are three-e-ee,
Three and one are four-our,
Four and one are five-ive,
Five and so forth.

La-lalalala-lala-la-la-la .

Who started that?

(*Jimmy Green business with tray*)

Seedelia. Willie Smith did you do any home work last night?

Willie Smith. Yes teacher.

Seedelia. What did you study?

Willie Smith. Gozinta.

Seedelia. Gozinta! What's Gozinta?

Willie Smith. Two goes into four twice,
Three goes into six twice,
Four goes into eight twice.

Seedelia. Boy Scouts, have you done one good deed to-day?

Boys. Yes, mam.

Seedelia. Johnny Jones, what did you do?

Johnny Jones. Please mam I gave my white mice to our cat.

Willie Smith. Please teacher which is correct to say, there is a crowd outside, or there are a crowd outside?

Seedelia. Why, there is a crowd outside.

Willie Smith. Well, is it correct to say, the yolk of an egg is white, or the yolk of an egg are white?

Seedelia. The yolk of an egg is white.

Willie Smith. No it isn't, it's yellow.

(*Children laugh*)

Seedelia. Now children you can put your things away and go home.

Dance and exit.

SCENE IV.—Baron's Kitchen

(Early morning, the place is in disorder, soft music, from the fireplace and obscure corners emerge gnomes who dance and tidy the kitchen while Cinderella sleeps. At end of dance the gnomes disappear and Cinderella awakens.)

Cinderella. Why, how is this?
 The house is tidied quite,
 It was in sad disorder late last night.
 Some one has been here that is plain to see,
 What if some little fairies toiled for me?
 Oh, how I'd love to think that they are near,
 Perhaps if I am good some will appear.
 How tired I am of living all alone,
 I wish I had some good friends of my own.

(Song)

Cinderella. This is Cinderella's fate,
 They go and leave me sitting all alone.
 By the fireside I wait
 And try to dream dreams all my own.
 I sometimes try to make believe I'm at a party too,
 For I can dance and sing as well as the others
 do;
 But in this little tattered dress I look so dull
 and blue
 That no one ever thinks of me.

In the chimney corner I'm obliged to stay,
 No one ever asks me if I want to play.
 Other girls have parties, ask each Molly and Joan,
 And while they go dancing—I'm left all alone.

(Enter step-sisters, Corelia and Seedelia)

Corelia. You idle, impudent, audacious thing,
 Before you've done your work how dare you sing.

Seedelia. A sauey girl to work she'll never settle.

Cinderella. Sister, it wasn't me it was the kettle.

Corelia. When you sing, sing in tune miss if you please.

Cinderella. How can I when you won't give me the keys?

Corelia. Where is that lazy fellow Buttons?

Cinderella. You sent him to town.

Seedelia. It's quite three hours since I sent him for my gown.

Corelia. Don't stand idling there, find some employment!
 What do you think we called you for, you own enjoyment?

Seedelia. Why don't you clean yourself, you saucy little

fright! I want you here to work upon the robes I wear to-night.

Corelia. Not at all. The girl is going to work upon my hair.
'Twill take her two hours or more to place the ornaments I wear.

Seedelia. Cinderella's going to make some cream to whiten
my complexion,
I want her to begin at once, so pray make no objection.

Cinderella. Oh, how I wish I could go to the ball! Why
doesn't Father buy me a new gown and shawl?

Corelia. "Father"! How dare you utter such familiarities,
When you speak of him call him the Baron, please.

Cinderella. Yet, I should like to go!

Corelia. Oh, should you, Miss, dare you to aspire to anything
like this?

Seedelia. You go to Court! with such an air and face!
No, Miss, the kitchen is your proper place.

Cinderella. From dishes, beds and kitchen stoves, from
attic to the cellar, is all the change I ever know, unhappy Cin-
derella.

Seedelia. The trouble you would shirk, there is no pleasure,
girl, like constant work.

Cinderella. Then what unhappy creatures you must be.

Corelia. Why so?

Cinderella. Because you never work at all you see.

Seedelia. Each piece of sauciness the last surpasses.

Corelia. This comes of education for the masses.

(Enter *Fairy Gormother as Witch.*)

Corelia. What does this person want?

Fairy. Alack Alack! I carry four score years upon my
back. I hold towards your house that wretched station, called
in Society, a poor relation.

Seedelia. We've nothing for you, so you'd better go,
These vulgar wretches always are so low.

Cinderella. If by the back door, you will wait for me,
I'll give you some bread and a cup of tea.

Fairy. Your sisters may be better dressed than you,
But handsome are, my dear, that handsome do.

Corelia. Down to the gate, Miss, see that you escort her,
And give our further orders to the porter.

Fairy. O, so you throw me out by way of the back stairs?
Well, there's them that entertain an angel unawares.

(Exit *Fairy and Cinderella.*)

(Enter *Buttons with packages, hat boxes, etc.*)

Buttons. Here I am at last, Miss.
Phew! What a time I've had of it.

Corelia. Oh, Buttons—

Seedelia. Have you brought everything.

Buttons. Everything I was told to Miss, except I forgot something.

Corelia. What took you so long, where have you been?

Buttons. Been, why bless you I've been everywhere. First to the dress makers, then to the stay makers, Then to the shoemakers, then to the lace-makers, Then to the wig makers, then to the glove makers.

In fact to all sorts of makers, and then to the makers of those frilly things which may not be mentioned, and are therefore mentioned as unmentionables.

Corelia and Seedelia. Buttons!!

Buttons. There are the gloves, there are the wigs, I mean the curls. The hairdresser says there'll not be such fronts as yours at the ball. There are the flowers, there's the rouge, there are the shoes. The shoemaker says, they'll be sure to fit.

Corelia. And have you brought my large hat and feathers.

Buttons. Yes Miss, it's in the hat box.

Corelia. I must try it on directly, now Buttons run and call Cinderella.

Buttons. Yes Miss.

Seedelia. And Buttons tell her to come to me.

Buttons. I will Miss.

Corelia. No Buttons, to see me.

Buttons. Yes Miss.

Corelia. And tell her to come immediately.

Buttons. Yes Miss.

Seedelia. And Buttons.

Buttons. Yes Miss.

Seedelia. Tell her to prepare some cream for my complexion.

Buttons. Yes Miss.

Corelia. Hurry Buttons.

(*Buttons falls in hat box. Exit.*)

Corelia. Oh, my beautiful hat, beo hoo, I shall have to go without it.

Exuent.

(*Bell rings off, Baron's voice heard, "Where's my breakfast?" Enter cook and other servants, who prepare tables with linen, etc. All in a bustle. Enter Baron.*)

Servants. Yes Sir, coming, coming.

THE BARON EATS A BIG BREAKFAST

(*End of breakfast and clearing away of table.*)

(*Enter Baron, Dandini, Sandy and the disguised Prince. Dandini is very pompous and superecilious.*)

Baron. Your Royal Highness is most kind to come into my kitchen for food and wine and kithehen fire is all that we are rieh in.

Buttons, Buttons, where's that boy, a glass of wine for his highness?

(Enter Buttons)

Dandini. (Extends his hand very languidly, which the Baron kisses). No wine for me, gad, 'twill blemish my complexion. I could do with a cup of tea though.

Prince. (loudly) Ass.

Baron. I trust your Highness enjoyed refreshing repose last night. The climate hereabouts is most salubrious and conducive to longevity, indeed in this sequestered vale many persons attain the advanced age of eighty, and some even become nonogenarians.

Dandini... What of it, you haven't even got a moving picture house here.

Baron. We don't need it my boy, there's plenty of excitement here wherever there's a woman there's excitement enough, you understand, even if it would be in the desert of Sahara.

Dandini. You said something Baron, why I know a girl—

Baron. It's the uneertainty of them you understand, you never know what's coming next.

(Song, "You Never Can Tell.")

(Exuent)

(Enter Prince and Cinderella)

Prince. My little love since coming to this place,
I've watched the changes of your charming face.
I see that like myself your all alone,
Would you not like one friend to call your own?

Cinderella. Oh, yes, I'd love to have a friend that's dear,
But I can never have one while I'm here.

Prince. Why stay here then, dear Cinders love why stay?
Pack up your things and let us both away.

Cinderella. Where would we go, you are as poor as I.
We have no home to go to if we fly.
If I should leave, my father'd be neglected,
While I'm at home I know he is protected.

Prince. No Cinders, No. There's no one needs you here,
But in my home you will be held most dear.
We could live in a little cottage neat,
With a rose tree blowing red above our door,
Pansies and mignonette around your feet,
And with flowers our garden brimming o'er.
Would you like that? (kisses her).

Cinderella. Rather.

Prince. A bird in a cage near our window would sing.
And perhaps he wouldn't sing alone dear,
If your heart held a wish I would give you that thing.
I want a little wife of my own dear.

(Song, "Springtime")

"LOVE, IT IS SPRINGTIME"

One summer day, dear—with just one glance
You stole my heart quite away
And one Autumn night—night of romance
When first we met, dear,
I'll ne'er forget, dear.
Thru winter days, I've been lonely and sad,
All the world weary and drear,
Give me your promise we'll wed in the springtime
And now, dear, the springtime is here.

CHORUS

Love it is springtime
Sweet wedding ring time
Hear my heart a calling
Wonderful Junetime
Sweet honeymoon time.
Everything whispers of love! Sweetheart!
Sunshine and flower times
Time for love's awakening.
Please let our love be forever
Just like a day in spring.

(Enter *Corey and Seedy*)

Corelia. Isn't the Prince a dear, love?

Seodelia. Oh, he is charming.

Corelia. Such grace.

Seodelia. Such style.

Corelia. It's wonderous..

Seodelia. It's alarming.

Corelia. (aside) She's not aware his hand to me he's offered.

Seodelia. (aside) She doesn't know to me his heart he's proffered.

Corelia. Poor Seodelia.

Seodelia. Poor Corelia.

Corelia. Your dress becomes you more than tongue can tell.

(aside) I'll smooth her over.

SCENE IV.

Seedelia. Your costume is delicious. (*aside*) I'll flatter her.

Corelia. So piquante.

Seedelia. So judicious.

Corelia. But that dear prince.

Seedelia. Yes, isn't he the duck?

Corelia. (*aside*) Now for the secret.

Seedelia. (*aside*) Now to tell my luck.

Corelia. My darling sister you know how I love you; Then never set your heart on one above you.

The Prinee you must know has made a declaration.

Seedelia. I ought to know it in my situation.

Corelia. He's offered me his heart and hand.

Seedelia. You Why he placed them both at my command.

Corelia. He proposed to me over the soup, Miss Pert.

Seedelia. He proposed to me, Miss, at desert.

Corelia. First come first served is a rule confessed.

Seedelia. I beg pardon, second thoughts are best.

Corelia. You base woman.

Seedelia. Silence, you low creature.

Corelia. You've not one charm.

Seedelia. You haven't one good feature.

Corelia. The would-be-beauty.

Seedelia. Oh, the precious Venus.

Corelia. I hate you.

Seedelia. There's no love lost between us.

Corelia. I could tear your eyes out.

Seedelia. Could you, well try.

Corelia. Oh, I could weep for spite.

Seedelia. With rage I'll ery.

(Both ery and go up stage.)

(Enter Baron and Dandini.)

Dandini. Allow me, Sir, all compliments to lump, In one word, for a Baron, you're a trump.

Baron. Pray don't suppose that here our friendship ends. Come here when e'er you like and bring your friends,

• That is when my poor dear wife is absent, you understand.

Dandini. No, No, we've no intention so extensive, We know that princely visits come expensive.

Baron. Which of my step-daughters do you like the most?

Dandini. I'm puzzled to say which, my worthy host.

Baron. Now my dear Prince, while it will break my heart, shatter it quite to bits, you understand, to part with either of the dear creatures. I wculdn't for the world stand in the way of their happiness, you understand. Such nice girls, Prince,

18
37

SCENE IV.

always so happy and loving together. It will be such a pity to separate them. You could'nt use two of them could you Prince? Well, no, I suppose not, which one do you prefer?

Dandini. I have proposed to both, what do you care?

Baron. Hush here they come. Their looks pretend a squall.

Dandini. I'll smooth matters over, I'll ask them to the ball.

Corelia. (coming down) We're sorry on your tete-a-tete to break.

But we're afraid there's been a slight mistake.

Seedelia. You offered me your hand.

Corelia. No, sister, me.

Dandini. I offered one to each, and here they be.

Corelia. Oh, Prince.

Seedelia. Oh Papa. (she cries)

Baron. Now don't be a silly little goose.

QUARTETTE

SILLY LITTLE GOOSE

Dandini. If the Baron is disengaged I'd like to invite Him and his ladies to a ball to-night,
To help entertain us each one must prepare,
Now ladies, don't shirk, you must all do your share.
The sisters Soldini a duet shall sing,
And Sandy Macdougall dance a Highland fling.
The Baron shall tell us his old jokes once more,
And we'll laugh as though we'd never heard them before.

Step-sisters. Oh, Prince in such a crowd to sing we are too shy.

Dandini. On bashful modest girls like you I know it's hard, but try.

Baron. I accept your Highness's invitation on behalf of the ladies fair. When the clock strikes eight we will not be late, My entire family shall be there.

Prince. I hope Baron that includes your youngest daughter too.

She surely must be quite of age to make her debut.

Corelia. Oh no, No, No, No, No.

Seedelia. Cinderella cannot go.

Prince. Why not I'd like to know, what reason can you show?

Baron. Well Sir, I think perhaps she is too young as yet. She never has been to a ball.
If my poor dear wife were not absent,
She would tell me what to do.

Dandini. You bet she would.

Prince. Shut up specimen of fromage. For two cents I'd take that hat and cloak away from you right here.

Step-sisters (to *Dondini*) Oh, Prince did you hear what that vulgar person said? Sure Highness that is treason off with his head.

Dandini. Sir, I humbly ask your pardon. What would you like me to do?

Prince. Too late now, in future I will manage my own affairs without asking anybody's assistance.

(*Exit singing.*)

Dandini. Well, that's that.

Baron. The boy's quite peevish.

Dandini. Don't let a little thing like that worry you at all. Come friends prepare for fair Prince Charming's ball.

(Concerted piece air trio from *Gounod's Faust.*)

(“We're off to the Ball”, etc.)

CHANGE OF SCENE

SCENE V.

(*Song Buttons and the College Flappers*)

After which

(Enter sisters dressed for the ball.)

Sisters. Hi, Hi, you cabby.

Cabby. Handsome, Miss.

Seedelia. Oh, you flirt.

Cabby. You girls want to go somewhere?

Corelia. The very idea.

Seedelia. How rude.

Corelai. The low creature.

Seedelia. We want to go to the Prince's Ball.

Cabby. Yes, your Ladyship, if you've got the price, get in.

Corelia. We require some assistance, my good man.

Cabby. Now then ladies, do please get in, Legs aint no treat to me.

(*Cabby finally gets them in and climbs to his box*)

Cabby. Now then, horse, on your way.

Horse. Where do we go from here.

Cabby. What's that?

Horse. Where do we go from here?

Cabby. On your way horse, on your way.

Horse. All right all right, I heard you the first time.

I said, where do we go from here?

Cabby. We're going to the palace, if you must know. Why don't you step along without so much argument?

Horse. What are the chances for a square meal at midnight?

Cabby. You don't get it.

Horse. Then we don't go, see.

(*Cabby comes down off box.*)

20

Cabby. Come on now, or I'll bust you in the slats.
(He grabs bridle and tries to pull horse, horse sits down)
Cabby. Oh, all right, you'll get the feed.
(Horse gets up and Cabby climbs to box.)
Cabby. Gid-ap. (Horse moves a little way and stumbling stops.)

Cabby. What's the matter now?
Horse. What have you got inside there? This must be a furniture van. Do you call this a pleasure vehicle?

Cabby. Of course this is a pleasure vehicle.

Horse. Well, it ain't no pleasure to me.

Cabby. Come on now horse, gid-ap.

(Horse starts—stops)

Cabby. Now, what's the matter?

Horse. Haven't you forgotten something?

Cabby. What did I forget?

Horse. I haven't had my lunch yet.

Cabby. Oh, haven't you, now? Go on there gid-ap.

Horse. Nope.

Cabby. Oh, have it your own way.

(Cabby climbs down from box, puts nosebag on horse, gets back on box and drives off.)

SCENE VI.

CHANGE OF SCENE

Cinderella discovered alone weeping.

(Enter Buttons)

Buttons. Poor Cinderella left here all alone, While to the Ball all the others have gone. I never wished them harm, but tried to please them, But now I really hope their corns may tease them.

Cinderella. Hello Buttons.

Buttons. Will you let me help you, Miss?

Cinderella. You have your own work to do.

Buttons. It is all done, thank you Miss. I'd like to help you if you would only let me do it.

Cinderella. Thank you Buttons, there is really nothing to it. I'm feeling very sad.

Buttons. And so am I.

Cinderella. I feel just now as though I'd like to cry.

Buttons. Crying never helps, it only hinders.

Cinderella. I must finish my work among the cinders.

Buttons. Ah, do let me help you, I wish you would. I'd like to, I would really.

Cinderella. You're too good.

Buttons. Dear Cinderella, I know you are above me. It's hopeless to wish you could ever learn to love me. You're a lady though poor, and I shouldn't aspire.

Cinderella. I'm the kind of a lady that makes up the fire,

I'm the cook lady, wash lady, I make every bed,
I mend stockings, scrub floors, till I wish I were dead.

Buttons. Well, lady or peasant, if I'm any judge,
You're the same thing that I am,
A poor household drudge.
Come on, let's run away.

We couldn't be any worse off than we are now.
I love you, can't you love me, eh?

Cinderella. No Buttons, I like you very, very much. But I
don't love you, at least not that way.

(Enter Jazz)

Buttons. Strike me pink, where did you come from?

Jazz. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Well young people why are you so
serious? At your age you should be very, very merry. Youth
was made for laughter and dancing and parties and pretty
frocks. Why sit around the fire and mope?

Buttons. I don't see that it's any of your business.

Jazz. Oh, don't you now? Well wouldn't you both like to
go to the Ball? I'll take you.

Buttons. No thanks, we're very particular in whose company
we're seen.

Cinderella. I'm afraid of you, old King Jazz, I do not forget,
I remember when last we met.

Buttons. Yes, when I promised to bust him.

Jazz. Look out, I'll get you yet.

Song, "Demon Jazz Will Get You Someday."

Many years ago the style of dancing was so slow and very
proper,
Everybody knows that when a maiden showed her hose they
used to stop her.
Now they wear their dresses up to their knees.
Dancing cheek to cheek.
The waltz and shottishe are forgotten quite,
A new dance every week—You know that

Demon Jazz will get you some day,
Demon Jazz will get you right.
Demon Jazz will get you some day,
If he has to dance all night.
Toddle night and day,
Merry bright and gay.
See the boys and girls a whirling,
To the strains of Irving.
Jazz around so early,
And Jazz around till morn,
Jazz around sweet girlie,
Don't dance upon my corn.
Every girl or man,
In spite of every ban.
Demon Jazz will get you some day,
Shun me if you can.

(Fairy Godmother appears as Witch.)

22

Buttons. Strike a light; here's another! a woman notheing daunted. Dash me blooming buttons, the whole place is haunted.

Cinderella. Pardon me, madam, if I ask what you are.

Fairy. I am, my child, your Fairy Godmama. (*she throws off her disguise.*)

Come now, confess, you'd like to see the ball.

Cinderella. I rather think I should!

Fairy. Then you shall. Buttons, don't stand there gazing in doubt. Have you a pumpkin anywhere about?

Cinderella. Here's one.

Fairy. 'Tis well; that mouse trap on the floor, how many mice does it contain, child?

Cinderella. Four.

Fairy. You'll want a coachman, too, to drive!

And, now a coach hay, presto! look alive.

Buttons. Let me be coachman; on her I'll keep an eye, She will be safer with some of the family by.

Fairy. Ho! darkness invisible! pray do not start, Light inconsistant with my magic art.

Don't be alarmed, it will only take a minute. It looks terrific, but there's nothing in it.

Waves Wand.

(*Cinderella in brilliant dress, pumpkin, mousetrap grows larger, then transformation to coach and four.*)

Fairy Queen. Go, for the Prince doth with impatience burn, But at the hour of twelve o'clock return.

Cinderella. Return at twelve?

Fairy. I'm well aware it's trying, Tho fifty partners for your hand are sighing, Tempt you to stay, With fifty flattering speeches, all about ruby lips And cheeks like peaches. Turn your head and after twelve stay Your finery will vanish all away.

(Enter Jazz)

I'll go along and teach you how to dance.

Buttons. No, you don't, you blighter, not by any chance.

(Hits him)

Jazz. Foiled again! Watch the clock for by the midnight hour, your queen and all her elves cannot resist my power.

Fairy Queen. Drive on, Cinderella, forewarned by Jazz's threat.

Jazz. I'll be there, never fear, King Jazz will get you yet.

(Curtain) :

INTERMISSION

23 PART II.

SCENE VII.—The Prince's Palace.

Opening Chorus.

Joy and pleasure bright
Reign here in fair Prince Charming's Court.
All are happy quite,
Of cares and sorrows there is naught,
Mirth and laughter gay
With jest and wit and jollity
Shout Hip Hip Hooray
For Prince of high degree.

Joy and pleasure bright
Reign here in fair Prince Charming's Court.
All are happy quite,
Hip Hip Hooray
Of sorrow there is naught.
Hip Hip Hooray
For our fair Prince of high degree.

Joy and pleasure bright
Reign here in fair Prince Charming's Court.
All are happy quite,
Of care and sorrow there is naught,
Mirth and laughter gay,
With jest and will and jollity.
So shout Hip Hip Hooray
We celebrate this day,
For our fair Prince of high degree,
For our fair Prince of high degree,
So let us shout Hip Hip Hooray.

Dandini. A very Galaxy of rank and beauty
Are coming here to-night to pay their duty.
All is prepared in style, Ice, Wines, Collation,
The guests are all tiptoe with expectation.

Prince. I do hope this Ball will not turn out a bore,
You know how often they've wearied me before,
Old withered ladies in frocks that are passe,
Pert, forward girls who won't let me get away
To capture my royal heart they will try all they can,
But my scheme of happiness does not embrace that plan.

Sandy. The Baron Soldino, and the ladies Seedelia and
Corelia.

Prince. I bid you welcome, ladies, this is a pleasure.

Baron. What does this mean?

Prince. You'll find out at your leisure.

Corelia. (to *Dandini*) Oh, Prince, what a perfectly wonderful Ball.

Dandini. Fair ladies, you mistake, I'm not the Prince at all.

Baron. For this charming fete accept our thanks most fervent.

Dandini. These thanks are due the Prince, I'm but his servant. Please forgive my posing and accept me as I am.

Baron. It is your proposing that gets me, young man.

Corelia and Seedelia. Oh, then his love making is all a horrid sham.

Dandini. Oh, never mind, sweethearts, I'm not to blame, I'll marry both you charmers, just the same.

I'll buy you a sealskin umbrella
And you a Ford car made of pearls;
You'll find me a deuce of a fella,
Oh, I'm such a hit with the girls

Song, "Girls, Girls, Girls"

There's a certain magic in a maiden's eye,
A maiden's eye, I wonder why?

And look or glance appealing
Sets a fellow's senses reeling
Till he fears he'll surely die.

Great or small, I love them all, you bet I do.

All you Girly set my head a whirl,
I just worship and adore them,
They sweep everything before them,
I love every girl.

Oh! I just worship and adore them
They sweep everything before them,
I love every girl.

Chorus

O, I love the ladies,
The fascinating pretty creatures.
I am a connoisseur
Of all their lovely features,
I think they're wonderful with their tantalizing curls,
Its better late than never with the Girls, Girls, Girls.

(*Fanfare of trumpets*)

Enter Cinderella, who is conducted by the Prince to his throne.)

Prince. Surely, fair Princess, your name you will declare,
Your face is graved upon my heart, when did we meet and where?

Cinderella. Sire, I own my rank is not so high by birth,
I must not let you exaggerate my worth—

Prince. In vain with modest grace you would conceal
Your rank. Each word and action but reveal
It's most exalted.

Corelia. (to *Seedelia*) Oh, Lordy sister, look can that be
ragged Cinderella?

Seedelia. Where would she get such clothes?
No, she's home, sleeping in the cellar.

Baron. Who is she, girls? She looks like Cinderella.

Seedelia. No, of course not; you got to hand it to her though.
She's quick to grab a fellow.

Prince. Baron, you promised to amuse us for a while.
What will you do, the hours to beguile?

Baron. Well Prince, I guess I'm bad, to try I really hate ter,
I'll show you all what I can do as a prestidigitateur.

Song "Prestidigitator"

(*After song Baron performs a few tricks—and from three boxes he brings:—*

Song

THREE LITTLE DOLLS

Boy. When I was in the toy warehouse and heard the words
they spoke,
Those cruel words that parted us I thought my heart was broke.

Girls. They put us in a nasty box and took us, oh so far.

Boy. But now at last we meet once more at Eaton's Arcade
Bazaar.

All. And all the while we're up for sale we tremble inwardly
and wail

Chorus.

Oh please don't notice three little dolls
Whose hearts are filled with pain,
We've been together oh so long
So please let us remain.
To laugh at the love of a lonely doll
Is a terrible thing you see
If you should take a fancy to either of us
Pay a little more and buy the three.

Boy. One night they left my box lid off which filled my eyes
with dust

And then they shook me by the leg until I thought 'twould bust.

Girl. They let me fall upon the floor and knocked off half
my wax.

Girl. And where my hair they tore just there they fastened
it with tacks.

All. And as the people pass along this is the burden of our
song.

Chorus.

Oh please don't notice three little dolls
Whose hearts are filled with pain.
We've been together, Oh so long
So please let us remain.
To laugh at the love of a lonely doll
Is a terrible thing, you see.
If you should take a fancy to either of us
Pay a little more and buy the three.

26

Baron. Ladies and gentlemen you plainly can perceive
That I have absolutely nothing up my sleeve.
I'm sure you've all been told while studying physiology,
How quicker than the quickest eye, the human hand may be.
Look at this cloth, this side and that, it's surely very clear
There's nothing hidden in it, as will presently appear.

(He brings forth a fairy danee. After dance, Prestidigitator makes fairy disappear.)

Song "DON'T LET THE OLD JOKES DIE"

Music strikes up a Gavotte.

Prince. Fair Princess, I claim the first Gavotte.

Seedelia. No, that's reserved for me.

Dandini. No, you're booked for the minuet.

Pray dance this dance with me.

They danee, during whieh clock strikes twelve.

Cinderella. Twelve! It is the fatal fairy hour
And I shall be a prisoner in the power
Of lord knows who, and what—Excuse me, Sir
I must wish you good night.

Prince. You shall not stir. Enchantress, you must grace the
banquet hall.

Cinderella. Impossible, dear Prince, if you knew all
Depending on this moment! Don't forget
I promise you, we may be happy yet. *(Runs out)*

Prince. And shall I lose her? I'll pursue and follow.

Dandini. Useless! She would beat greased lightning hollow
She's whizzing off like fire works or rocket.

Prince. She's gone, alas!

Dandini. I've something in my pocket,
A crumb of comfort, which in her flurry
The lady left behind her, in her hurry.

There! *(producing slipper)* a slipper! it might be a model
On what small tootsey wootseys she must toddle.

Prince. Give me the precious treasure, my dear friend.
On what a tiny thing my hopes depend.
And mark me, Lord Dandini, when I say
Absolute silence about this shoe, I pray.

Dandini. Mute as a fish I'll be from this minute,
About that shoe. I shan't put my foot in it.
Put my foot in it! Ha! Ha! I'm a wit!

27

Prince. It is a slipper of such fairy measure,
The fott it fits must be a perfect treasure
And I here swear whatever fate betide
The owner of that shoe shall be my Bride.

(*Change of scene*)

Sandy. Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!
Know all men by these presents, the maid whose tiny foot
Nobles or peasants, the slipper can wear,
As queen shall reign.

Attendant. God save the King.

Sandy. Chinese feet excluded from the match.
All other nations may come up to the scratch.
Come, Ladies, now's the time to try it on
So put your best foot forward every one.

Corelia. I'll brave the trial.

Baron. At a'baby,—go!

Corelia. Delightful, fits exactly; Oh my toe! It's squeezing
me.

Attendant. Absurd, your stocking doff.

Dandini. The Kingdom's at your foot.

Corelia. Oh! take it off.

Seedelia. Let me try, oh, I'm all on thorns,
I'd walk a mile in it, ouch, my corns.
Oh, you can't tell the joy that I feel It's on, it's on.

Baron. How on?

Seedelia. All but the heel.

Baron. This is your only chance to win.
Come, give your heel a stamp, it will go in.
to grow such feet when you've lived so genteelly,
You might as well be peasants, daughters, really.

Prince. The slipper is too small for any here,
I must seek elsewhere, that is very clear.
Yet in this place it was that first I sought her,
Come, Baron, have you still another daughter?

Baron. I have, but she's too young, she could not win.

Prince. I'll be the judge of that, pray call her in.

Dandini. Hooray! The mystery begins to clear,
Wait a bit, I'll bring the youngest lady here.

Corelia. What! bring that girl in here in all her tattered
Clothes!

Seedelia. If she dares enter here, right out again she goes.

(*Enter Cinderella and Dandini.*)

Buttons. Don't tremble Miss, you should be pert and chipper
Why you aint afraid to try on your own slipper.

Prince. Come, try it on

All. Why, it fits like a glove.

Prince. I proclaim Cinderella to be my true love.

(*Enter Fairy Godmother*)

I bring joy and blessing to you both, my valued friends,
Joy and mirth to all, for here their trial ends—
The Fairy Godmother before your very eyes
Reveals the Royal Princess hid in this humble guise.

TRANSFORMATION SCENE

BARCAROLE

Far in the land of romance in the vale of Delight
Sleep with its magic enchantments as your senses take flight,
There where the fairy folk dance in their mantles of white,
I will be waiting for you to-night.
Come, dear, 'neath the silver moon gleaming
Down the River of Dreaming to the
Ocean of Love with happiness beaming.
Say, Dear, 'tis the end of the day, Dear,
Let me show you the way, Dear,
From our eaves steal away where ecstacy waits us.
So come, Dear, There's no need of delaying,
Sweetest music is playing as our boat gently floats where flowers
are swaying.
Come, Dear, 'tis the end of the day, Dear,
Let us sail far away, Dear, on the River of Dreams.

Baron. We've told our tale to you in verse and fable,
Pointed our moral as well as we are able.
What is the spirit of our Christmas tide?
What is the gift which the Prince gives to his Bride?
What gives our saddened world a glimpse of Heaven above?
Can you answer, little children, in one word?

Children. Love.

Prince. Ere our fantastic piece of nonsense ends,
We hope to learn that we have made a lot of friends.

Baron. Kept all our old friends and gained a lot of new.

Corelia. If we haven't pleased you, pray tell us what to do.

Cinderella. We do not aim at being wonderful or wise
We strive but to shoot at Folly as it flies.

Jazz. We have no intention but to raise a smile.

Seedelia. And an idle hour or two with mirth beguile.

Dandini. If we have no power the universe to charm
We are too small to do the world much harm.

Fairy Queen. From secret nooks my fairies have come to
plead our cause,
If you believe in Fairies give us your applause.

FINALE

HARLEQUINADE

Bertha A. Field,
(Mrs. George Vivian.)

Address

To George Vivian
130. West 44th St.
New York City



NUMERATION

MULTIPLICAT

Units	1
Tens	12
Hundreds	123
Thousands	1,234
Tens of Thousands	12,345
Hundreds of Thousands	123,456
Millions	1,234,567
Tens of Millions	12,345,678
Hundreds of Millions	123,456,789

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
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ADVOIRDUPUIS WEIGHT

TROY WEIGHT

24 grains (gr.)	make 1 pennyweight (dwt.)
20 pennyweights "	1 ounce.....(oz.)
12 ounces "	1 pound.....(lb.)
40 poles "	1 furlong
3 miles "	1 league
3½ miles "	1 degree

DRY MEASURE

2 pints (pt.)	make 1 quart
8 quarts (qt.)	" 1 peck
4 pecks (pk.)	" 1 bushel
36 bushels (bu.)	make 1 chaldron (ch.)

SQUARE MEASURE

144 square inches	make 1 square foot
9 " feet	" 1 " yard
30½ " yards	" 1 " pole
40 " poles	" 1 furlong
4 " furlongs	" 1 mile
4 rods	" 1 league
640 acres	" 1 square mile

LIQUID MEASURE

4 gills	make 1 pint
2 pints	" 1 quart
4 quarts	" 1 gallon
31½ gallons	" 1 barrel
2 bbl. or 63 gals	" 1 hogshead (hhd.)

MISCELLANEOUS DENOMINATIONS

12 units	make 1 dozen
12 dozen	" 1 gross
12 gross	" 1 great gross
20 units	" 1 score
56 lbs.	" 1 firkin of butter
100 lbs.	" 1 quintal dried salt fish
100 lbs.	" 1 cask of raisins

APOTHECARIES WEIGHT

20 grains (gr.)	make 1 scruple marked (d)
3 scruples	" 1 dram
8 drams	" 1 ounce
12 ounces	" 1 pound

24 sheets (sh.)	make 1 quire
20 quires (qu.)	" 1 ream</td



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



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